

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Railroad Legislation.

The railroad attorneys are making a determined fight for their clients, and Senator Elkins, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the United States Senate, and a majority of the Republican members of the committee are helping the railroads by delaying action on the bills before them. The evident intention is to compromise with the railroads so that the most important provision of the promised legislation is to be lacking, which should give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to make a reasonable rate in lieu of a rate declared to be unreasonable. One of these railroad attorneys who resides in Washington took the time, trouble and expense to go to New Orleans to address the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He attacked President Roosevelt's plan and arraigned the railroad bill passed by the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress. He asserted that there is no genuine instance of injustice in interstate railway rates which cannot be remedied under the present law, and presented the view that the judicial power is adequate to control future rates.

This audacious claim is on a par with the plundering tactics of the corporations. How have the shippers and the public fared in trying to obtain justice in the courts, with the railroads using all the delays that the law allows? Only those with a long purse and whose business cannot be ruined by the obstacles and delays, that the railroad managers know so well how to inaugurate, can successfully fight the railroads in the Federal courts, where the judges, if not favorable to the corporations, are most of them under obligations to the corporations for railroad passes, and one judge, at least, for private cars and subsistence on his luxurious tours about his district.

That is why the public are demanding that the Interstate Commerce Commission be given power to fix a reasonable rate in place of one it has declared unreasonable under the present law. When the present law was passed it was intended that the Commission should have the power to declare a rate unreasonable, and this power is still undisputed. It was also intended that the law should give the Commission power to fix a reasonable rate in place of the one declared unreasonable, and this was admitted by the railroads for some years, but eventually on a technicality was overruled by the Supreme Court. To supply that deficiency in the law is the purpose of the present uprising, and is what the railroads are fighting. It is absurd to believe that Congress intended to leave power in the railroads to continue to charge an unreasonable rate and compel shippers to apply to the courts for redress. If that had been the intention of Congress there would be some indication of such a purpose in the law.

Nothing short of giving the Commission that power will protect the shippers and the public, and all the sophistry of the special pleading of the railroad attorneys cannot turn the people from their determination for that "square deal."

Democrats Indorsed.

The railroad lobbyists ran up against a stone wall when they attempted to coerce or corrupt the reform Legislature of Ohio. The railroads have a combination by which they jointly pay their proportional share of the expense of the lobbying in the different States, similar to the plan of the life insurance companies. When the chief railroad officials discovered that the Ohio reform Legislature would be liable to pass a two-cent fare bill one railroad sent its passenger department man to the Ohio capital, says the Peoria, Ill., Star, to lobby against the bill. On his return he said:

"I never ran against such a game before in my life. The Ohio house certainly is crazy from the front to the back door. It has the bit in its teeth and is running away with it. We thought the members were going to hold an investigation, but it looked to me like a railroad funeral. When a Pennsylvania man pleaded for time in order to furnish statistics one representative told him they did not want statistics, but what they wanted was a two-cent fare."

"That settled him, and then Henry Anthorp started in to tell them why the railroads could not afford to carry passengers for two cents. Representative Freiner told him how it could be done. 'The railroads would save money,' declared the legislator, 'by striking you and your kind who are hanging around this capital from off their pay roll.' It is needless to say that Anthorp took the count."

"When C. C. Heinlein, also a railroad attorney, came to bat, Representative Weitz called three strikes on him before he had time to swing his stick cane. 'The people of Ohio will have a two-cent fare and railroad legislation or they will have no railroads,' was the final ball which Weitz shot over the plate. Then the representative proceeded to tell us that the State Railroad Commission was but a part and parcel of the railroad interests of the State."

"The funny part of it is that every

one of the members is strictly honest. If you were to give the poorest one of them \$100,000 the first thing he would do would be to expose you on the floor of the house."

As the Democrats control the Ohio Legislature, having a majority of the Senate, and by combination with some independent Republicans control the House, there is for the first time for many years a square deal for the people of the State. The railroads have discovered that the majority of the members cannot be controlled in the usual way that Republican legislatures have been purchased, and the corrupt lobby is knocked out of business. It is seldom that evidence can be produced of such corrupt deals between the railroads and Republican legislatures, but the above evidence is voluntarily given by this railroad official and indicates the rotten condition the Republicans have fostered. No wonder the voters turned the rascals out, and such revelations as the above will lead the voters to take similar action when electing other legislatures, and especially when electing Congress next fall.

Results from Protective Tariff.

The revenues of the government will not allow Congress to appropriate for a river and harbor bill. If the tariff was revised so as to produce more revenue, Germany and other countries could increase their trade with us, our rivers and harbors could be improved and our war ships and merchant ships would soon be able to get in and out of New York harbor without running on a mud flat. This is one of the results of protection, and another and more important result to most people is the trust high prices which the tariff fosters. And yet the Republicans stand pat and decline to disturb the tariff schedules, which do not produce enough revenue for necessary improvements and keep the cost of living so high that many people must economize and even do without necessities. When you are called upon next fall to vote for a Congressman to represent your district, think of this and vote against the stand-patter.

No Sauce for the Moroccan Goose.

What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, but when it comes to diplomacy of the highest grade the aphorism does not seem to hold good. Protection sauce, which favors the domestic policy of the United States and Germany, and which Morocco wished to indulge in, has been vetoed by the representatives of the United States at the Moroccan conference, declaring for the open door. While our own tariff is 50 per cent and over, we refuse to allow anything over 12½ per cent to Morocco, although the delegates from that country declare they must raise more revenue. So the infant industries of Morocco will be put out of business by the machine labor of the United States, mostly run by cheap foreigners. But with a low tariff there will be no trusts in Morocco, so the Moors will be the gainers by the selfishness of the protectionists, after all.

Political Potpourri.

More than half of the Republican Congressmen are fearing defeat at the next election, and many declare they will not be candidates. They feel that the voters are determined on a new deal and a reform Congress. Democrats are selecting their best men in the congressional districts as candidates and organizing for a sweeping victory.

The Democrats of the Peoria district in Illinois have offered John Mitchell, National President of the United Mine Workers of America, the nomination for Congress, but he has refused it, as he is determined not to be a candidate for any office while head of the miners. Perhaps before the convention is held in May he may be free to accept the nomination.

The people are after the political barnacles and Republican party bosses with a big stick. In Ohio they have disposed of General Grosvenor, a wheel-horse in the Republican machine system. In Pennsylvania the Republican ring was defeated in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and Democrats elected, and from everywhere come the good tidings of a revolt against the Republican machine.

When the Republican Senators two or three years ago voted for the Elkins interstate commerce act, providing for the repeal of the clause of the original act for both fines and imprisonment for railroad officials who transgressed the law, they gave a new impetus to unjust discriminations and unreasonable rates. This action shows how little the Republican Senators are to be relied on to honestly regulate the railroads.

The administration has refused to investigate the coal-carrying railroads, although urged to do so ever since the great coal strike. A resolution to investigate has been introduced by Democrats, Congressman Gillespie in the House and Senator Tillman in the Senate, and the Republicans dare not refuse to pass them, for there is a universal demand that the railroads and mines shall be divorced, and more reasonable railroad rates and cheaper coal be brought about.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tireome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"I happen to know," said the Captain, "that officers of high rank who came to the volunteer army from the regular service had, after the war, a great longing for the friendship of the men who served under them. The last time General Rosecrans was in the city at an army gathering he sat next to one of his old lieutenants who had become famous as a novelist and prominent in public life. For a time the general took no notice of the lieutenant, and the latter, resentful, took no notice of the general. I saw where the trouble was and smilingly introduced them. Then Rosecrans said with that rare smile of his, 'I have been waiting for the Judge to speak to me; it was his place, you know.'"

"Then the great strategist opened his heart and said that when he met so many of his old command prominent in literary, commercial, or public life he wondered how much they cared for their old commander. He was not long in doubt as the Judge, who in his turn explained that most of the old volunteers were hero worshipers and that their old generals stood on high pedestals, not to be approached without ceremony. Rosecrans laughed at this, but said that if the men of his command cared as much for their general as their general cared for them they would rush into his arms whenever they met him.

"Rosecrans went to Congress from California in 1885, and lived in Washington for several years. In that time he met many of his old soldiers. One day an old resident showing a friend from Iowa about the city said as they passed an elderly gentleman on the street, 'That was Rosecrans.' He was surprised to see his sedate and dignified friend turn and go at a full run to Rosecrans. He feared that Rosecrans would not like that sort of meeting, and he hurried forward to explain. As he approached he saw the two shake hands, and saw that Rosecrans held on to the hand of the Iowa man. The general turned as the old resident came up to say how glad he was to meet an old comrade who, in the hour of greatest extremity at Chickamauga, had served him well. The two became great friends, although one commanded an army and the other rode a horse and carried a carbine in the cavalry. When the crash came at Chickamauga the cavalryman had ridden to the side of his general, and had stayed there until the general commanding was out of danger."

"I remember," said the major, "the surprise of General Steedman when he met one of his old soldiers under most unexpected circumstances. The general was greatly interested in a series of military sketches appearing in one of the dailies and wanted to meet the author. I introduced him, and after expressing his appreciation of the work, he said to the writer: 'You were in the army, of course, but in what division?' 'In your division,' was the reply. 'I carried a rifle in your old regiment.' 'The h— you did,' said the general. 'And yet you write like that. That's better than being a major general.'"

"As we walked away Steedman said: 'No wonder we licked them, with men like that in the ranks. But what are we coming to? I find my men in public office or successful as lawyers, or making money in business, most of them running away ahead of me, and asking no favors of anyone. I wonder if the bond of comradeship will hold together the major generals and the privates.' This was in 1872. Long before he died the general knew the bond would hold, even when one of his old privates told him that he socked him once with a snowball."

"In 1895," said the sergeant, "I unexpectedly met my old division general. The war was over, but he was still in the service, and was in uniform when we met on the street. I was doing well in business, and was counted quite a fellow in my circle. But when I came upon the general, self-poised, dignified, as sure of himself as he was at Antietam, I had something like the back fever. I was back in the camps and my impulse to speak to him as an old friend seemed ridiculous. But he seemed to understand and turning to me, said: 'Weren't you on the bridge at Antietam? You were. I remember that you came to my side in the melee. I am glad to see you.'"

"He went on to say that he was just in from the South; that he was lonesome and like a fish out of water; that he had been sent for by the governor and other men in politics and that he was just wondering whether any of his old command lived near when he came upon me. He admitted that he was hurt because I didn't seem as glad to see him as he was glad to see me. I was ashamed of myself, and I told my story. He understood it, and said so heartily. We walked together up the street. I a little shy in spite of my good resolves. Suddenly he said: 'I know that man. He was with you in the boat at the river crossing. Detail him to come here and see me.'"

"I called to Tom, my chum in the old company, who came up bashfully, but in hand, and who at first did not see the general's extended hand. Then he grabbed the hand in both of his, letting his hat fall to the ground, and murmured: 'I would rather shake

hands with you, general, than with any other man living. Do you know that Jack here and I used to take extra guard duty when you were about simply that we might have opportunity to present arms to you? There could be no finer compliment than that and the general never forgot it. He died years ago, but he still stands in the minds of at least two men who served under him as the ideal soldier and gentleman."

"While one of our great national conventions was in session here," said the colonel, "newspaper men from different cities were in my office. All were army men and most of them had served under Sheridan in the West or the East. They all wanted to see Sheridan, but, by hook, they wouldn't call at military headquarters. I protested against this, and in the midst of the controversy Sheridan came in. There was embarrassment on both sides. These men had known Sheridan as the master spirit in battle. They had heard him storm and swear. They had associated him with the autocratic, peremptory methods of war."

"When I introduced him and explained who the men were Sheridan spoke in that low voice, restrained way of his, puzzling even to his intimates in Chicago, and said quietly, almost gently, that he was very glad to meet old comrades. The low voice and the quiet manner almost stunned the men, who, in the army, had seen Sheridan only in action, and who, ten minutes before he came in, had been referring to him as a stormer from away back. All were men of the world, but all were bashful as shy boys in the presence of their old commander until the ice was broken by Sheridan's easy talk."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Cowboy's Lesson.

Sheridan's army, in its march to the sea, devastated certain parts of Georgia for miles in its passing. Foraging parties scoured the country on each side of its path. In "The Log of a Cowboy," the author tells of his first experience as the guardian of cattle—an experience which he gained in Georgia at that time:

Our work stock consisted of two yokes of oxen, while our other cattle numbered three cows, and for saving them from the foragers credit must be given to my mother's generalship.

There was a wild cane-brake, in which the cattle fed, several hundred acres in extent, about a mile from our farm, and it was necessary to bell them in order to locate them when wanted. But the cows were in the habit of coming up to be milked, and a soldier can hear a bell as well as any one.

I was a lad of eight at the time, and while my two older brothers worked our few fields, I was sent into the cane-brake to herd the cattle. We had removed the bells from the oxen and cows, but one ox was belled each evening, to be unbelled again at daylight. I always carried the bell with me, stuffed with grass, in order to have it at hand when wanted.

My vigil was trying to one of my years, for the days seemed like weeks, but the importance of hiding our cattle was thoroughly impressed upon my mind. Food was secretly brought to me, and under cover of darkness my mother and eldest brother would come and milk the cows; then we would all return home together. Before daybreak we would be in the cane, listening for the first tinkle, to find the cattle and remove the bell. And my day's work began anew.

Only once did I come near betraying my trust. About the middle of the third day I grew very hungry, and as the cattle were lying down, I crept to the edge of the cane-brake to see if my dinner were not forthcoming. Soldiers were in sight, which explained everything. Concealed in the rank cane, I stood and watched them.

Suddenly a squad of five or six turned a point of the brake and rode within fifty feet of me. I stood like a stone statue, my concealment being perfect. After they had passed I took a step forward, the better to watch them as they rode away. Just then the grass dropped out of the bell and the bell clattered. A red-whiskered soldier heard the tinkle, and wheeling his horse, rode back. I grasped the clapper and lay flat on the ground, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. He rode within twenty feet of me, peering into the thicket of cane, and not seeing anything unusual, turned and galloped after his companions.

Then the lesson, taught me by my mother, of being "faithful over a few things," flashed through my mind; and although our cattle were spared to us, I felt very guilty.

Saving His War Record.

A strapping big fellow was pulled out of the Ohio river after a steamboat excursion.

"Lost much?" asked a sympathizing bystander.

"I should say so," said the dripping pilgrim; "lost all my baggage."

"Much to it?"

"Well (hesitatingly), 'there was a pair of stockings and a dirty shirt.' Then, brightening up, he added, 'But thank God! I have saved my war record.'"

With this he pulled out of his breast pocket a very wet provost marshal's certificate—that he had furnished a substitute.

It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its waters and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods into the vacant space, allowing nothing for evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

IMPRESSED WITH WESTERN CANADA.

Says Our Prairie Will Be Filled Up in Ten Years.

L. A. Stockwell, of Indianapolis, a United States land man, who made an extensive tour of inspection in the West, wrote the following article, under date of Jan. 8, for an Indiana publication:

"States."—In this letter I propose to show by extracts from my note book that thousands who have come up here from the "States" have succeeded far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Mr. N. E. Beaumunk, of Brazil, Ind., was earning \$100 per month with a coal company. At about the age of 40 he had saved about \$3,000. Four years ago he landed near Hanley, Sask. He now owns 450 acres of land. Last fall (1906) he threshed 4,700 bushels of wheat and 3,100 bushels of barley oats. His wheat alone brought him over \$4,000, which would have paid for the acres that it grew on. He is to-day worth \$15,000.

This Is Making Money Fast.

In February, 1902, J. G. Smith & Bro. were weavers in a big cotton mill in Lancashire, England. Coming here, they arrived in Wapella, Sask., with only \$750 between them. They were so "green" and inexperienced that all they could earn the first summer was \$6.00 per month, and the first winter they had to work for their board. The next year, 1903, they took homesteads, and by working for neighbors they got a few acres broken out, upon which the next year they raised a few hundred bushels of wheat and oats. They also bought a team and broke out about sixty acres more. In 1905 they threshed 1,700 bushels of wheat from it, and 1,800 bushels of oats. Their success being then assured, they borrowed some money, built a good house, barn and implement shed, and bought a cream separator, etc. They now have a dozen cows, some full-blooded pigs and chickens, good teams and implements to match, and are on the high road to prosperity. Here are three cases selected from my note book from among a score of others. One a mine boss, one a farmer, and one a factory operator. With each of them I took ten and listened to their story. "I hoped to better my condition," said one. "I thought in time I might make a home," said another. "I had high expectations," said the other, and all said that "I never dreamed it possible to succeed as I have."

Like Arabian Nights.

Everywhere, on the trains, at the hotels and in family, I have been told of successes that reminded me more of the stories in the Arabian Nights than of this matter-of-fact, workaday world. Yields of wheat from 35 to 53 bushels per acre, and of oats of from 60 to 100 bushels, are numerous in every locality and well authenticated. At Moose Jaw, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Brandon, Hanley and many intermediate places I saw cattle and young horses fat as your grain-fed animals of the "States" that had never tasted grain, and whose cost to their owners was almost nothing. At Moose Jaw I saw a train load of 1,400 steers en route to England, that were shaggy fat, raised as above stated. If the older generation of farmers in Indiana, who have spent their lives in a contest with weeds and stumps, as did their fathers before them, could see these broad prairies dotted with comfortable homes, large red barns, and straw piles innumerable, and the thriving towns, with their towering elevators jammed to the roof with "No. 1 hard," and then remember that four or five years ago these plains were tenantless but for the badger and coyote, they would marvel at the transformation. Then if they followed the crowds as they emerged from the trains and hurried to the land offices, standing in line until their respective turns to be waited on came, and saw with what rapidity these lands are being taken, they would certainly catch the "disease" and want some of it too. If these lands are beautiful, in midwinter with their long stretches of yellow stubble standing high above the snow, what must they be in summer time when covered with growing or ripening grain? Speaking of winter reminds me that our Hoosier friends shrug their shoulders when they read in the Chicago and Minneapolis dailies of the temperature here. The Canadian literature, with its pictures, half-tones and statistics, gives a good idea of her resources, but thirty or forty degrees below zero sounds dangerous to a Hoosier, who nearly freezes in a temperature of five above, especially when accompanied by a wind, as it often is; but the fact is, when it is very cold here it is still, and the air being dry the cold is not felt as it is in our lower latitudes, where there is more humidity in the atmosphere. I am 50, and I never saw a finer winter than the one I am spending up here. I arrived in Winnipeg Nov. 9, and have not had the bottoms of my overboots wet since I entered Canada. Under a cloudless sky I have ridden in sleighs nearly a thousand miles, averaging a drive every other day. Stoneasons have not lost a week's time so far this winter. Building of all kinds goes right ahead in every city and hamlet, as though winter were never heard of.

Information concerning homestead lands in Western Canada can be had from any authorized Canadian Government Agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper.

The Ruling Passion.

Old Stoxanbons—Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing? His Chauffeur—Yes, sir. I'm afraid it will get away from me very soon. Old Stoxanbons—Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap!—Puck.

TWO OPEN LETTERS

IMPORTANT TO MARRIED WOMEN

Mrs. Mary Dimmick of Washington tells how Lydia K. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well.

It is with great pleasure we publish the following letters, as they convincingly prove the claim we have so many times made in our columns that Mrs.



Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., is fully qualified to give helpful advice to sick women. Read Mrs. Dimmick's letters.

Her first letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I have been a sufferer for the past eight years with a trouble which first originated from painful periods—the pains were excruciating, with inflammation and ulceration of the female organs. The doctor says I must have an operation or I cannot live. I do not want to submit to an operation if I can possibly avoid it. Please help me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, Washington, D. C.

Her second letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"You will remember my condition when I last wrote you, and that the doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I received your kind letter and followed your advice very carefully and am now entirely well. As my case was so serious it seems a miracle that I am cured. I know that I owe not only my health but my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to your advice. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I wish every suffering woman would read this letter and realize what you can do for them."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 604 and East Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

How easy it was for Mrs. Dimmick to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and how little it cost her—a two-cent stamp. Yet how valuable was the reply! As Mrs. Dimmick says—it saved her life.

Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of just such letters as the above, and offers ailing women helpful advice.

MAKES BEAUTY

Among the ladies no other medicine has ever had so strong a following, because, excepting pure air and exercise, it is the source of more beautiful complexions than any other agency, as

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative. It puts pure blood in the veins, and no woman can be homely when the rich, red blood of health courses in her veins. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING.

BLACK OR YELLOW. 607 CHAS. EVANS STREET.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

A Positive CATARRH CURE

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. It cures the Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Itching Ears, and all the troubles of the Throat, Nose, and Eyes. Full size 50c. in Drug Store or by mail; Trial Size 10c. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

\$16.00 AN ACRE

Western Canada is the amount that many farmers will realize from their wheat crop this year.

25 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

will be the average yield of wheat. The land that this was grown on cost many of the farmers absolutely nothing, while those who wished to add to the 500 acres the Government grants, can buy land adjoining at FROM \$5 TO \$10 AN ACRE. Climate splendid, soil convenient, railways close at hand, taxes low. For "20th Century Canada" pamphlet and full particulars regarding rates, etc. Apply for information to Freezing Point at Vancouver, British Columbia, or to W. H. Rogers, at Regina, Saskatchewan, or to H. M. Williams, Room 31, Building, Toronto, Ontario. Authorized Government Agents. Please mark where you saw this advertisement.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the troubles of the Throat, Nose, and Eyes. Full size 50c. in Drug Store or by mail; Trial Size 10c. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.